

THE DAILY STAR

Price, per single copy..... 2c
Delivered by Carrier, per week.... 10c
By mail, postpaid, per month..... 50c
By mail, postpaid, per annum..... \$6.00
Published Every Day Except Sunday.

The Cincinnati Weekly Star,
A Large Eight-page Paper, especially adapted
to the Family Circle, one year for \$1.

THE STAR PUBLISHING CO.,
No. 230 Walnut Street,
CINCINNATI, O.

RANDALL was elected Speaker
according to programme, the Republicans
casting a complimentary vote for Gen.
Garfield.

Russia has so little to expect from the
Conference, that, without waiting for
anything further, she is marching an
army of fifteen thousand men to the
Danube.

We know less to-day about the result
of the Presidency than at any previous
time, with excellent prospects of our
fund of information continuing to grow
in the same direction.

News from the South will continue to
be interesting for some time to come.
A highly interesting contest is promised
in each of the three disputed States as
soon as the Returning Board excitement
begins to subside.

COLORADO yesterday again succeeded
in attracting the attention of the country.
This time it was on the admission
of her Delegate to the House of Repre-
sentatives. Colorado and Florida are
on the road to fame.

MR. SAMUEL V. REID saw in South
Carolina "an uncertainty that is per-
fectly awful." There is very much of
an uncertainty prevailing in all quar-
ters, and many people persist in consid-
ering it "perfectly awful."

We offer an amendment to Senator
Ingals' motion for a convention at
Columbus, Ohio, in May next, to revise
and amend the Constitution, by inserting
Cincinnati in place of Columbus. Such
a convention would necessarily bring
together a large number of the leading
men of the country, and no place would,
all things considered, be so appropriate
as Cincinnati.

THE Board of County Commissioners
now consists of Mr. Sater, Mr. Hopper
and Mr. Herman Ficke—three gentlemen
in whose hands the interests of Hamil-
ton County will not suffer. We have no
hesitation in saying that the Board is
improved by the last accession, and is
now the best, all things considered, that
the county has had for ten years. Of
late conventions and voters have been
paying some attention to the selection
of County Commissioners—a practice
that it will be well for tax payers to see
continued.

THE Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman, allud-
ing recently to the fall of grasshoppers
that came down with the rain on the
15th of November in various parts of Ken-
tucky, appears to believe these invaders
of the sacred soil of that State are the
identical hoppers that have worked
such devastation in Kansas. We had
the same visitation of enormous
grasshoppers in this vicinity about the
same time, but it seems to be agreed that
these are much larger and not the same
tribe at all that wasted Kansas. If,
however, they prove as troublesome
pests next year it is a comfort to learn,
as we do from an exchange, that grass-
hoppers make a delicious omelette and
are not to be despised in a fricassee.

BAD POLICY.
The game of policy, like every other
scheme of chance, is an Ignis Fatuus
which draws many a poor man into
deeper poverty and degradation. It be-
gules the mechanic and laborer with
visions of dazzling prizes, and lures
them on with mocking promises until
they are robbed of all their hard-earned
wages which should have been the sup-
port and sustenance of their needy fam-
ilies. Indeed it seems to have been es-
pecially adapted for the ensnaring of
the poorer classes, and so cunningly is
it arranged, and so trifling is the amount
required to engage in it, that the
humblest beggar on the street can invest
his few pennies, as he often does, in a
policy ticket. The rag-picker scours the
gutters the live-long day, and sells the
results of his patient glean-
ing, only to hasten away to the
policy shop and stake his all on the fas-
cinating game. The stevedore toils at
the river wharf from morn till dewy
eve, like a beast of burden, and when
night comes on he gathers his little
board and risks it all on the magic num-
bers which he trusts conceal a fortune.
Day after day they work and struggle,
and night after night they lay their scan-
dalous mites at the feet of the men who
guise these gambling schemes and who
are richer, year by year.

Our own municipal authorities have
devoted their energies very successfully
toward the suppression of this vice,
and although, like the Canada thistle, it per-
sists in springing up again when cut
down, it has been so nearly eradicated
in this city that its authors have sought
fresh fields and pastures new for the
pursuit of their unholy trade. Un-
til very recently the game flourished
uninterruptedly in St. Louis, but a
short time since the police of that city
swept down upon the policy shops like
a wolf on the fold and captured some of
the leading characters in the business.
The case, which has not yet been de-
cided, was tried before the Court of

Criminal Correction and a great deal of
valuable information regarding the
technical terms of the game was
elicited. Such mysterious expressions
as "horse," "saddle" and "rig" were
fully explained, and it was made clear
that twenty per cent. of the receipts
from sales of tickets went to the seller.
It was also conclusively demonstrated
that the player's chance of ever getting
his money back was so remote as to be
almost beyond the limits of possibility.

When we reflect that all the money
invested in policy comes from a class of
people who can not spare it, we can
only regard with pleasure every effort
made to suppress the game. It is not
supported by men who can afford to play
for amusement and who would scarcely
miss their losses, but by those who
stake their very life-blood and the bread
of their hungry children. These it is
the duty of the authorities to protect, and
in no way can they do it more effectually
than by thoroughly uprooting such
evils as this.

NOTES FOR THE LADIES.

"I. Comfort" is the name of a Pennsylv-
ania wife-whipper.

Crimped braid fringe is an allowable
trimming for mourning costumes.

Every housekeeper knows that a
smoking stove-pipe is not a pipe of
peace.

A fine quality of velvet is said to be
coming in fashion for ladies' under-
dresses.

Very nearly all wraps, unless made
to match the dress, are of some black
material.

Fancy aprons are made with but one
pocket, and that placed a little toward
the right or left side.

Sacques and cloaks for school girls
are finished on the edge with several
rows of machine stitching.

Kid collars and cuffs to match belts are
the latest novelty. The fragrant Russia
leather is sometimes used for these dainty
articles.

A teacher faints the other morning,
and a little girl, describing it as home-
sick, said: "She was so faint she couldn't
come her to."

If your teeth are pretty, show them.
Smile continually, for some one may be
looking at you when you do not know it.
—N. O. Republican.

Says some surly old fellow: The
dressing modes of to-day closely re-
semble the fashions that prevailed in
Egypt when the pyramids were built.

The other day a fly-wheel undressed a
Michigan woman in a second, but no
machine that was ever invented can
dress one in less than two hours and a
half.

"Dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear,
dear, little Daisy," said Albert Holbert,
of Brooklyn, in his last letter to that
young lady. And now his wife has had
him put in jail just for that.

Letting Well Alone—"Oh, Mary, the
water's got broke, and we can't get no
water; and oh, bairn! it's pime! Fyther
says as 'p'raps we shan't 'ave to wash
for a fortnight."

Quilted slippers of colored satins, with
brilliant buckles of steel and gilt ar-
ranged in the bows on the instep, have
taken the place of the kid sandals worn
by ladies during the summer.

There is nothing dispels the dreams of
youth and scatters the ambitious hopes
of the noble boy like having a young
lady remark in his hearing: "You
would make, with study, a good back-
pack."

Mr. Cirkle was married in Chicago the
other day. The bride (adds the New
York Commercial Advertiser) seemed
particularly happy in the consciousness
of having a husband who would be apt
always to stay 'round.

Into every married man's mind (says
the Brooklyn Argus) there sooner or
later enters the conviction that he can
never be his wife in plain clothes and
keep the current of her affection for him
flowing at a spring-freshet gait.

When a young wife is suffering from
chronic inability to keep from shying
articles of household furniture, it almost
extinguishes every spark of Christian
feeling in her husband's breast to hear
of the noble boy like having a young
lady remark in his hearing: "You
would make, with study, a good back-
pack."

Bayard Taylor (remarks the Brooklyn
Argus) now regrets his rash champion-
ship of mothers-in-law. He writes de-
spairingly: "I am overrun with them,
and the spectacle of a wall-eyed woman
armed with an umbrella and a pair of
spectacles has become a perfect horror
to me."

A funny little ornament for a bureau
is a square piece of silver card board,
about six inches each way, embrodered
on the edge with some fanciful design in
worsted, and having in the center the
words "scratch my back." It is hung
on the gas fixture by a cord. You turn
it around and discover the back to be a
piece of sandpaper to scratch matches on.

Wristlet parties are the latest. The
ladies furnish the wristlets, and each
pair is numbered. One of each pair with
the number is put in a box and is sold to
the gentlemen by a committee, and cor-
responding wristlets with the numbers
worn by the ladies. The fun com-
mences when each gentleman buys a
wristlet and finds the owner of the mate
to it to whom he is to pay attention
during the evening.

Now that one energetic New York
manager has made the theater ticket
speculators hide their diminished heads,
the Chicago Inter-Ocean wants some
one to enforce the San Francisco rule
that ladies' six-story bonnets be re-
moved during the play, so that the au-
dience may obtain something more than
occasional glimpses of the stage and the
heads of the actors.

"W. W., do you know why you are
like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" re-
plied W. W., opening his eyes wide.
"No, I don't." "Do you give it up?"
"I do." "Because your better half is
stubbornness herself." "That's not bad.
I'll bet I'll give that to my wife when I
get home." "Mrs. W.," he asked,
as he sat down to supper, "do you know
why I am like a donkey?" He waited
a moment, expecting his wife to give
it up. But she didn't. She looked at
him somewhat commiseratingly as she
answered, "I suppose because you
were born so."

A new prison chaplain was recently
appointed in a certain town. He was a
man who greatly magnified his office
and entered one of the cells on his first
round of inspection he with much pom-
posity thus addressed the prisoner who
occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know
who I am?" "No, nor I don't care,"
was the unobsequious reply. "Well, I'm
your new chaplain." "Oh, yes, yes? Well,
I have heard of ye before." "And who
did you hear of?" returned the chaplain,
his curiosity getting the better of his
dignity. "Well, I heard that the last
two weeks ye were in ye preached them
bath empty; but I'll be banged if ye had
such an easy matter to do the same
with this one."

MY STRATAGEM.

And I Never Grieved at Its Failure.

I had been reared by a bachelor uncle,
who, dying when I was eighteen, be-
queathed me to the tender care of Mrs.
Y. Y., my mother's sister. At the age of
twenty-five I fervently hated every
man in the world but her. It would be
too mortifying to me, and dull and un-
interesting to you, were I to recapitulate
the causes which bred a dislike so keen
and intense. I may justly think that Althea
Brand (who is now a Madame, with an
ugly German name utterly unpronounce-
able), had something to do with my mis-
anthropy.

I led a quiet, somewhat secluded life—
a life of my own designing. I smoked
and read, or went to the club, or on ex-
cursions, when I chose, with no one to
question my motives. I congratulated
myself in a grim sort of a way, when
alone, on my freedom, which I fero-
ciously declared I would not be de-
spoiled of.

Imagine my afflict, my horror, when
the following epistle came to hand:

"MY DEAR MR. BERNARD—I am dying.
The only relative you have in the world
will soon be an orphan. I confide her
to your care, knowing your magnanimity
and benevolence will make neces-
sary arrangements for her provision.
Do this for the sake of your dying
cousin
AGATHA FROTH."

I could not wholly resist this plea,
though I deplored Mrs. Yepsy, who was
in every respect a capable woman, to do
what my conscience told me I should
have given my personal supervision to.

In a week's time my housekeeper re-
turned, saying she had placed Florelle
in a very respectable seminary; as I,
with a deep, relieved inspiration, dis-
missed my unwelcome protegee from my
mind, without any inquiries relative to
her appearance, and Mrs. Yepsy was too
discreet to furnish gratuitous infor-
mation.

At the close of the war a tiny note, in
school girl's hand, came to my address.
I was angry and annoyed. I did not
answer it. For five years these dreaded
missives arrived with persistent punc-
tuality. I could not shut my eyes to the
fact that the unknown writer had im-
proved rapidly in these five years, though
no very great depth of thought
was perceptible; yet the chirography
was elegant, the spelling, for a wonder,
beyond reproach. While these glaring
idiosyncrasies characterizing romantic
young ladies were apparent. At last
she announced that she had finished her
education, and was going to stay awhile
with the "dearest girl in the world."

I read this from a tiny sheet of per-
fumed paper, under the lamp, before
going to bed. Mrs. Yepsy's reception. I
had hardly paid my compliments to my
lady before Judge Finch took my arm,
and, nodding toward a petite young girl,
whom I had already noticed as seeming
to bewitch young and old with her
spirited, piquant way, said:

"A young friend of my daughter—Miss
Florelle Froth—will I present you?"

"No, excuse me," I said, "I have no
time."

And, as the Judge moved away, I
drew back in the shadow of a curtain,
and watched my ward. I had, all along,
fancied that my bank-notes were de-
veloping a pale-faced, flaxen ringleted
thing, who would, some day, in a fit
of romance, elope with a fortune teller.
I had not prepared for the contrast
to my imagination that the sparkling
sylph presented to my dazed percep-
tions.

I returned to my domicile, dreaming of
a fairy in crimson silk, with scarlet
roses in her hair, and the next morning
became the recipient of the subjoined
gushing but not positively complimen-
tary letter:

"MY DEAR OLD GUARDIAN—Will you
allow me to come and see you? I am in
town, stopping at Judge Finch's. Is he
an acquaintance of yours? Just give me
a permission to visit you, and see if
you regret it. I know how to compound
at least a dozen preparations for pre-
venting the hair from falling off. I will
you wear a neck-cloth (drab or white do
best) and a floor with cane and slip-
pers, and make grateful for you when you
are all up with the gout. I'm so proud,
and so smart, and can dance, or sing, or
read your favorite German and French
authors. Your eyesight must be failing,
eh?"

do so wish to see you! I pledge
my word, a lady, not to be disagree-
able, nor bring company. I'll just de-
vote myself to you. Your devoted ward,
"FLORELLE FROTH."

I am sure the worthy pastor whose
church I regularly attended would have
been shocked at sundry ejaculations be-
gotten by that flattering epistle, in which
modesty at all events was not apparent.
I, too, wrote that very profound note,
believing you would just take such an
advantage as you have."

"Weren't you ashamed to kiss me
then?" I asked, assuming a grave air.
"Not a bit," she answered, blushing in
spite of herself. "I rather liked it."

"You are easily abashed."

"Yes, my friends always said so."

"I thought we had better compromise.
Are you going to be my wife?"

"I thought to have time for reflection,
but as you press me so hard, I had bet-
ter say yes."

And that is how my stratagem ended.

Of all the celebrated lovers of George
Sand, but two survive, Jules Sandeau
and Prince Napoleon. The others have
passed away, leaving behind them but a
name, which linked with hers must
surely be immortal. The longevity of
the survivors is attributed to the gen-
erous use of B. T. Babbitt's Best Soap,
which has penetrated into France, and
is ousting every other lavement from La
Belle France.

A bite from a rattlesnake is sometimes
not more dangerous than a severe cough
or cold. A well merited reputation has
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and this rem-
edy is sold by all druggists. Price 25c.

The Grand Central Hotel, New York,
has adopted the railroad plan of "cut
rates," and announces a reduction from
\$4 to \$2.50 and \$3 per day.

ROBACK'S PILLS are becoming more
and more popular every day, and if
specie payment is not returned within
a few days, they will doubtless be made
a legal tender. They pass readily now
for twenty-five cents.

AMERICAN COLOGNE.—A splendid
combination of the odors of the very
choicest flowers, fragrant, delicious and
lasting; just the article demanded for
every lady's and gentleman's toilet.
Put up in sprinker top bottles. Very
convenient for persons traveling. For
sale by druggists and fancy stores.

PHOSPHORENE DESTROYER.—The
excessive dampness of the weather
has been productive of roaches and other
vermin that are exceedingly annoy-
ing. A few applications of Phosphorene
will effectually exterminate rats,
lice, roaches, ants, &c. For sale by
druggists generally. J. S. BURDALL
& CO., Proprietors.

POROUS PLASTERS.

Caution Against Imitations

THE proprietors of Benson's Caprine Por-
ous Plasters have found it necessary to
warn the public against bogus articles that
are being sold under the name of "Benson's
or 'Caprine,' as being the same as Caprine;
the facts are that they are totally unlike
the genuine in their effect or composition, and
are in fact a cheap and inferior imitation of
the excellent remedial qualities of Benson's Cap-
rine Porous Plasters. The unparalleled suc-
cess of the famous and vigorous medicinal
plaster of Benson's Caprine Porous Plasters
is due to the fact that it is a true and
genuine article, and not a cheap imitation
of the same. To further protect the
consumer, we have cut the word "Caprine"
in each plaster, and a small piece of paper
properties afford instant relief, and a more
certain cure than any known medicine. They
contain no metallic or mineral poisons, and
are superior in their effects to electricity, and
more certain. Price 25 cents.
Benson's Caprine Porous Plaster

this was the way she glanced from one
topic to another—"for such an elderly
gentleman! I must display my attain-
ments, or you will not think me half so
clever as I really am. Didn't I use to
write real genuine bread-and-butter
letters, eh?"

Before I could reply, she took down a
volume of old German metaphysics, and
read with most admirable enunciation.
Then she translated selections from the
French and Italian writers.

She glanced at me anon, a little
displeased.

"You see, I would not parade my ac-
complishments, but" (and the voice
quivered) "you have the right to know
how I have improved your kindness. If
you were young, you might think I
wished to ensnare you. I half wish you
were," she added, naively, coming to my
side, and laying her right hand on my
wig, with its stiff, bristling hair, ex-
pressing my admiration.

I had been more than once ashamed of
my stratagem. I was now thoroughly
disgusted with it.

How to emerge from my ugly chrysalis
in a becoming manner now occupied my
mind constantly.

One evening I walked into the parlor,
disguised in the disguise, which, let the
consequences be never so disastrous to
my hopes, I could no longer endure.

My ward sat before the fire, dreaming.
I thought, for there was a smile on the
pretty mouth, and a brighter radiance
in the magnificent hair so intently re-
garding the lurid coals.

She started as I entered, and a queer
smile rippled all over her face.

"You desire to see Mr. Bernard, I pre-
sume. He will be down directly. Will
you be seated?"

We sat a few moments in silence. I
was terribly embarrassed and fidgeted with
the gloomiest forebodings, while she
gazed, with an absent air, on the toe of
her slipper.

"Finally she arose, saying: 'I will
be your guardian, for it will take him a
good half hour to get down stairs.'"

I grasped her arm, as she would have
passed me.

"Florelle, do you not know me?"

"Indeed I do not," she replied, with
the greatest semblance of amazement.

"Forgive me, I am your guardian!"

A cold, rigid and amazed ex-
pression stole over the features, working
convulsively an instant, and then she
burst into a passion of weeping, sob-
bing:

"How could you so cruelly deceive
me?"

"Surely, how could I?" I iterated. "It
is just my own compensation."

I drew toward me, softly stroking the
curly; but the sobs did not abate.

"Believe me," I said, hating myself
more sincerely than I had ever hated the
false Althea, "I deeply regret the part
I have basely played."

But, to my indescribable anguish, the
sobs kept on, with sundry hysterical
symptoms that merely frightened me out
of my wits. And then I burst into a
paroxysm of self-reproaches, interlarded
with all the endearments I could recall
—for, you see, it had been years since I
had had occasion for them.

At last the sufferer asked, in a voice
wonderfully firm for a young, sorrowing
girl, "I wrote that my shirt-front was
faded. And are you really sorry?"

"Yes," I replied; "I can never suf-
ficiently regret wounding your tender
spirit thus, and, continued, with that ab-
ruptness evolved by an emergency, "I
am profoundly and contumaciously in
love!"

"With me?" and the curly head went
up, disclosing a face suspiciously
slighting.

"Yes, with you."

"Excellent!" and Florelle effervesced
from my embrace. "My dear friend, the
tables are turned."

"What?" I just gasped, in my perplex-
ity.

"Did you think me so ignorant of your
real self? I saw you at Judge Finch's.
Eloise said you were glum and misan-
thropic, and I'd have a pretty time with
you. I wrote that very profound note,
believing you would just take such an
advantage as you have."

"Weren't you ashamed to kiss me
then?" I asked, assuming a grave air.

"Not a bit," she answered, blushing in
spite of herself. "I rather liked it."

"You are easily abashed."

"Yes, my friends always said so."

"I thought we had better compromise.
Are you going to be my wife?"

"I thought to have time for reflection,
but as you press me so hard, I had bet-
ter say yes."

And that is how my stratagem ended.

Of all the celebrated lovers of George
Sand, but two survive, Jules Sandeau
and Prince Napoleon. The others have
passed away, leaving behind them but a
name, which linked with hers must
surely be immortal. The longevity of
the survivors is attributed to the gen-
erous use of B. T. Babbitt's Best Soap,
which has penetrated into France, and
is ousting every other lavement from La
Belle France.

A bite from a rattlesnake is sometimes
not more dangerous than a severe cough
or cold. A well merited reputation has
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and this rem-
edy is sold by all druggists. Price 25c.

The Grand Central Hotel, New York,
has adopted the railroad plan of "cut
rates," and announces a reduction from
\$4 to \$2.50 and \$3 per day.

ROBACK'S PILLS are becoming more
and more popular every day, and if
specie payment is not returned within
a few days, they will doubtless be made
a legal tender. They pass readily now
for twenty-five cents.

AMERICAN COLOGNE.—A splendid
combination of the odors of the very
choicest flowers, fragrant, delicious and
lasting; just the article demanded for
every lady's and gentleman's toilet.
Put up in sprinker top bottles. Very
convenient for persons traveling. For
sale by druggists and fancy stores.

PHOSPHORENE DESTROYER.—The
excessive dampness of the weather
has been productive of roaches and other
vermin that are exceedingly annoy-
ing. A few applications of Phosphorene
will effectually exterminate rats,
lice, roaches, ants, &c. For sale by
druggists generally. J. S. BURDALL
& CO., Proprietors.

POROUS PLASTERS.

Caution Against Imitations

THE proprietors of Benson's Caprine Por-
ous Plasters have found it necessary to
warn the public against bogus articles that
are being sold under the name of "Benson's
or 'Caprine,' as being the same as Caprine;
the facts are that they are totally unlike
the genuine in their effect or composition, and
are in fact a cheap and inferior imitation of
the excellent remedial qualities of Benson's Cap-
rine Porous Plasters. The unparalleled suc-
cess of the famous and vigorous medicinal
plaster of Benson's Caprine Porous Plasters
is due to the fact that it is a true and
genuine article, and not a cheap imitation
of the same. To further protect the
consumer, we have cut the word "Caprine"
in each plaster, and a small piece of paper
properties afford instant relief, and a more
certain cure than any known medicine. They
contain no metallic or mineral poisons, and
are superior in their effects to electricity, and
more certain. Price 25 cents.
Benson's Caprine Porous Plaster

SEEDS.

SEEGER, WILLIAMS & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS in
Grain.

Country Produce,

SEEDS, &c. Agents for the Delaware Egg
Carrier, holding 30 dozen, the best known.

No. 10 West Front Street,
CINCINNATI, OHIO. Tel-12

GROCERIES, &c.

OLIVER BROWN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
in the teas and groceries, 370 West Fifth street.
Wholesale Oyster House, 81 East Pearl street,
Cincinnati, Ohio. del-12

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC & GREAT WESTERN. Time, 7 min. fast.
Depot, Fifth and Broadway. Depart. Arrive,
Cincinnati. 7:15 A.M. 7:30 P.M.

Local Mail. 7:15 A.M. 7:30 P.M.
New York Ex. daily. 7:30 A.M. 7:45 P.M.

LOUISVILLE & CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.
Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 4 min. fast.
Louisville Ex. daily. 6:30 A.M. 8:00 P.M.
Louisville. 6:30 A.M. 8:00 P.M.
Louisville daily. 8:10 P.M. 8:30 A.M.

MARIETTA & CINCINNATI.
Depot, Plum and Pearl. Time, 7 min. fast.
Parkersburg Ex. daily. 6:30 A.M. 8:00 P.M.
Parkersburg Ex. daily. 10:20 A.M. 10:30 P.M.
Chillicothe Ex. daily. 10:30 P.M. 10:40 A.M.
Hillsboro Ex. daily. 10:40 A.M. 10:50 P.M.
Loveland Ex. daily. 10:50 A.M. 11:00 P.M.
Loveland Ex. daily. 11:00 A.M. 11:10 P.M.

BALTIMORE & OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG.
Depot, Plum and Pearl. Time, 7 min. fast.
Baltimore Ex. daily. 6:30 A.M. 8:00 P.M.
Baltimore Ex. daily. 10:20 A.M. 10:30 P.M.
Baltimore Ex. daily. 10:30 P.M. 10:40 A.M.

BALTIMORE & OHIO, VIA COLUMBUS.
Depot, Kilgour and Front. Time, 7 min. fast.
Baltimore Ex. daily. 6:30 A.M. 8:00 P.M.
Baltimore Ex. daily. 10:20 A.M. 10:30 P.M.
Baltimore